

THE QUEEN



The Grail

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With this issue of THE GRAIL we are beginning an account of the national tour of the Pilgrim Virgin, which will continue through subsequent issues. If you are interested in receiving extra copies of this series, or wish copies sent to friends who may be interested, please send us your order in time to have a sufficient number printed. The June Grail will recount the tour through the South, Louisiana and Texas.

THE GRAIL

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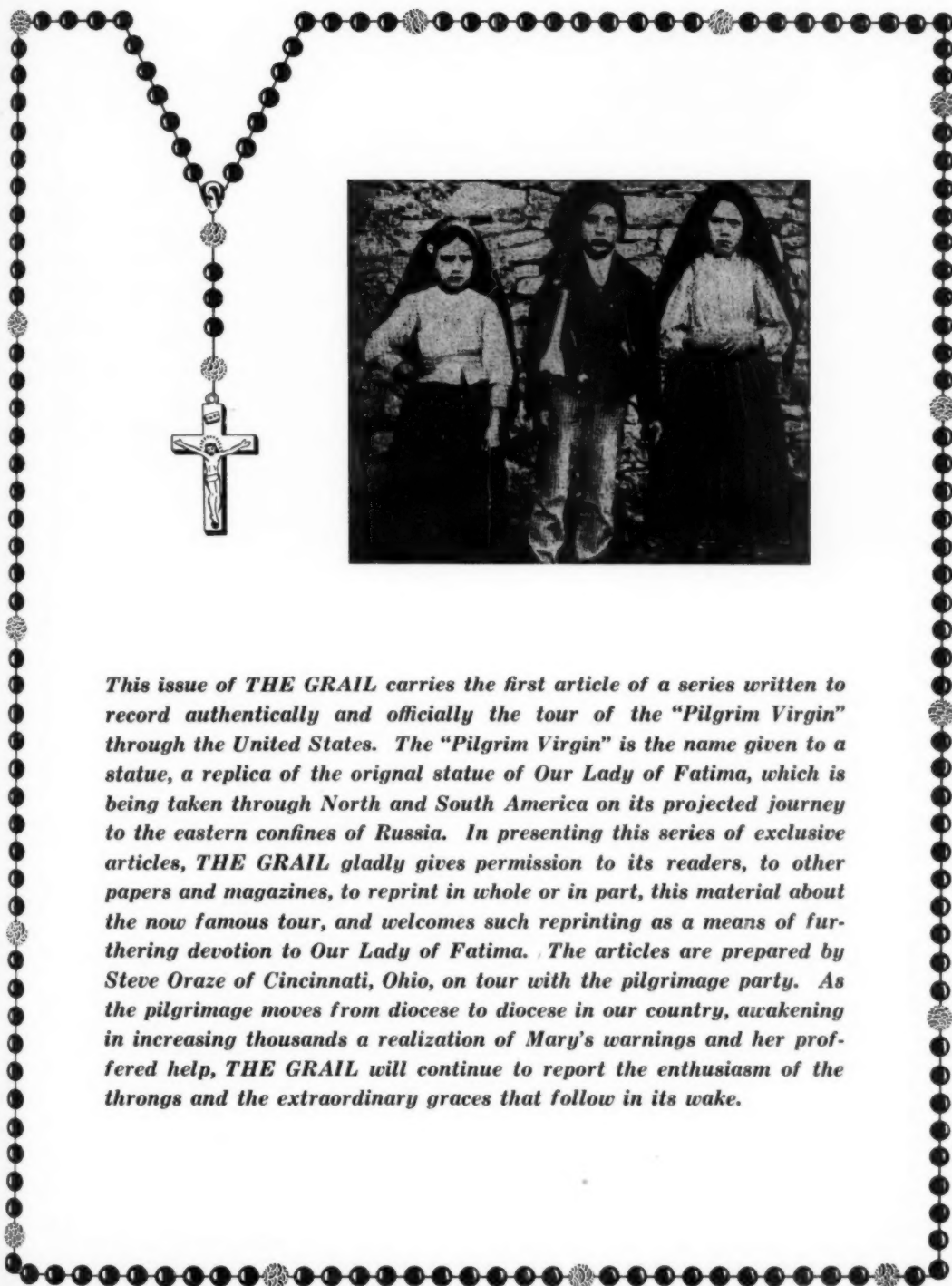
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This issue of THE GRAIL carries the first article of a series written to record authentically and officially the tour of the "Pilgrim Virgin" through the United States. The "Pilgrim Virgin" is the name given to a statue, a replica of the original statue of Our Lady of Fatima, which is being taken through North and South America on its projected journey to the eastern confines of Russia. In presenting this series of exclusive articles, THE GRAIL gladly gives permission to its readers, to other papers and magazines, to reprint in whole or in part, this material about the now famous tour, and welcomes such reprinting as a means of furthering devotion to Our Lady of Fatima. The articles are prepared by Steve Orazo of Cincinnati, Ohio, on tour with the pilgrimage party. As the pilgrimage moves from diocese to diocese in our country, awakening in increasing thousands a realization of Mary's warnings and her proffered help, THE GRAIL will continue to report the enthusiasm of the throngs and the extraordinary graces that follow in its wake.



THE UNITED STATES is being invaded today. But it is not the invasion of an hostile army nor of a subversive fifth column movement that we are thinking of. The invader is Our Lady of Fatima, or more specifically The Pilgrim Virgin, the replica of the famous statue of Our Lady at her shrine in Fatima, Portugal, which is being taken from city to city in this country at the present time.

When the tour of the Pilgrim Virgin began a few months ago, we feel sure there was something of a question in many people's mind as to how the plan would come off. While it is true that there is only One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism in the Church, there is such a thing as a notable difference in the religious temperament of various nations. In the expression of religious fervor all countries have their own peculiarities, their own special emphasis and approach.

Now, while the veneration of images is based on good sound Catholic doctrine, there were probably many American Catholics who felt that taking a statue of Our Lady on a general and highly publicized tour was, well, not just quite our sort of thing. It might be quite appropriate in Portugal or in some Latin American country, the argument

went, but it seemed somehow out of place over here. And furthermore it might stir up a storm of criticism and bigotry, and revive all the old charges that Catholics engage in Mariolatry, etc.

The tour has now been in progress for a number of months. The Pilgrim Virgin has traveled from the Canadian border down through the deep, and generally non-Catholic, South to the Gulf of Mexico. And judging from all the press reports she is taking the country by storm. Evidently the tour has proved to be "our sort of thing," after all. The latest story tells us that at Biloxi approximately half of the total population turned out for the reception of Our Lady's statue. And that is the state of Mississippi, U. S. A., not Portugal or Brazil or Ireland.

Personally, we confess we have followed the reports of the tour with a sort of happy excitement. In our country because of the pressure of circumstances we have always been a little timid and, perhaps, over-cautious in showing our devotion to the Mother of God. We have experienced a trace of embarrassment at times, prompted by the questions: "Won't we be misunderstood; won't we be ridiculed by our non-Catholic friends?"

The tour of the Pilgrim Virgin is certainly putting an end to any timidity or self-consciousness about our love and veneration for Mary. The ghetto and catacomb complex has been laid aside, and we have spelled out this love and veneration in letters so large that there is no mistaking them. Reports keep coming in that in place after place the largest crowds in the history of dioceses has turned out to acknowledge the visit of the Pilgrim Virgin.

Unquestionably there have been criticism and ridicule heaped upon the devotion in some quarters. But at the same time, judging from the size of the crowds, it must be that many non-Catholics have come with their Catholic friends to learn something of the Mother of God and her messages to the world at Fatima. (Could it be that in the past we haven't made enough of an effort to introduce those outside the household of the Faith to Our Heavenly Mother?)

Needless to say, the ultimate purpose behind the tour of the Pilgrim Virgin is to make everyone conscious of the fact that at Fatima God sent His Mother to plead for the prayer and reparation and sacrifice through which alone peace can be secured for the world. We have no doubt that the tour will be instrumental in bringing tens of thousands of persons to fulfill these requests—persons who might otherwise never have been impressed with their urgent importance.

(THE RECORD, Louisville, Ky.)



October 13, 1947. Most Rev. Jose Correia da Silva, Bishop of Leiria, Portugal, prepares to bless America's "Pilgrim Virgin" before it leaves the Cova da Iria for the United States. At his left is Rev. Luis Gonzaga de Oliveira, famous Carmelite priest. Holding the

crown is Mrs. John Wiley, wife of the American Ambassador. The American Embassy provided the car that carried the "Pilgrim Virgin" to the airport at Lisbon. Nieces of the U. S. Ambassador to Portugal carried the statue

At the instigation of Mr. John M. Haffert, editor of *Scapular Magazine*, who is now touring the country and lecturing daily on the Crusade of Fatima, a carved replica of the Fatima statue of Our Lady was blessed at Fatima on October 13 of last year by the Most Reverend Joseph Correia da Silva, Bishop of Leiria-Fatima in presence of six Bishops and other high dignitaries of Church and State. Two hundred thousand pilgrims were present. The statue was then flown to La Guardia Field, New York, making a stop first at the Azores where at 3:30 a.m. an enthusiastic crowd that had waited through the night paid homage to the Queen of Peace. From La Guardia Field the image was taken to Ottawa, Canada. At the border of Canada the statue was met by Archbishop Vachon of Ottawa, twenty Canadian Bishops and 200 of the clergy. That same night, October 19, the statue was crowned before 100,000 witnesses by Archbishop Vachon in the stadium of the University of Ottawa. At midnight Mass was celebrated in 124 churches of the archdiocese honoring Our Lady in the interest of peace. After a hasty visit to Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and other Canadian cities, the statue was brought into the United States on December 8 and was welcomed at the international boundary by Bishop O'Hara and a throng of devout pilgrims. Since then the statue has been on tour through the eastern and southern states. The pilgrimage is under the direction of the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., 50 Franklin Street, Buffalo 2, N. Y. Groups interested in having the pilgrimage visit their city should make arrangements through their local chanceries.

Our Lady Tours the United States

EACH year, in the usual order of events, millions of Catholics make pilgrimages to the Shrines of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Lourdes, LaSalette, Guadalupe, Fatima, and at many other

places. The times must be serious indeed, when that order is reversed, and it is the image of Our Lady that embarks on a pilgrimage to the people. It would seem that the Mother of God is literally

"hurrying around the world" begging for prayers and sacrifices that the world may be spared total disaster from the avenging hand of Her Divine Son, for the many horrible crimes, sacrileges, insults, and outrages committed against Him.

Strangely, there is hope that this just punishment may be averted, for the "little people" are responding to Mary's appeal, flocking by the thousands to see her image, hear her message, and heed her requests. Wherever America's "Pilgrim Virgin" visits, bishops and priests have the same story: "Nothing like this has ever been seen before." Long-standing record after record has been broken, with Cathedrals and churches crowded far beyond capacity by people who have filled aisles, sanctuaries, and stood in the streets to hear the message of Fatima.

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" is one of two images of Our Lady of Fatima blessed for similar pilgrimages of peace by the Bishop of Fatima in 1947 at the famous Shrine in the Cova da Iria, Portugal, where Our Lady appeared in 1917. Both statues are about 40 inches tall, and are hand-carved from cedarwood by Thedim, the Portuguese sculptor who designed the original image of Our Lady of Fatima used at the Shrine.

The purpose of the pilgrimages is to invite millions of people to join in a "crusade of prayer and reparation for the conversion of Russia, and

for peace" as promised by Our Lady at Fatima in 1917.

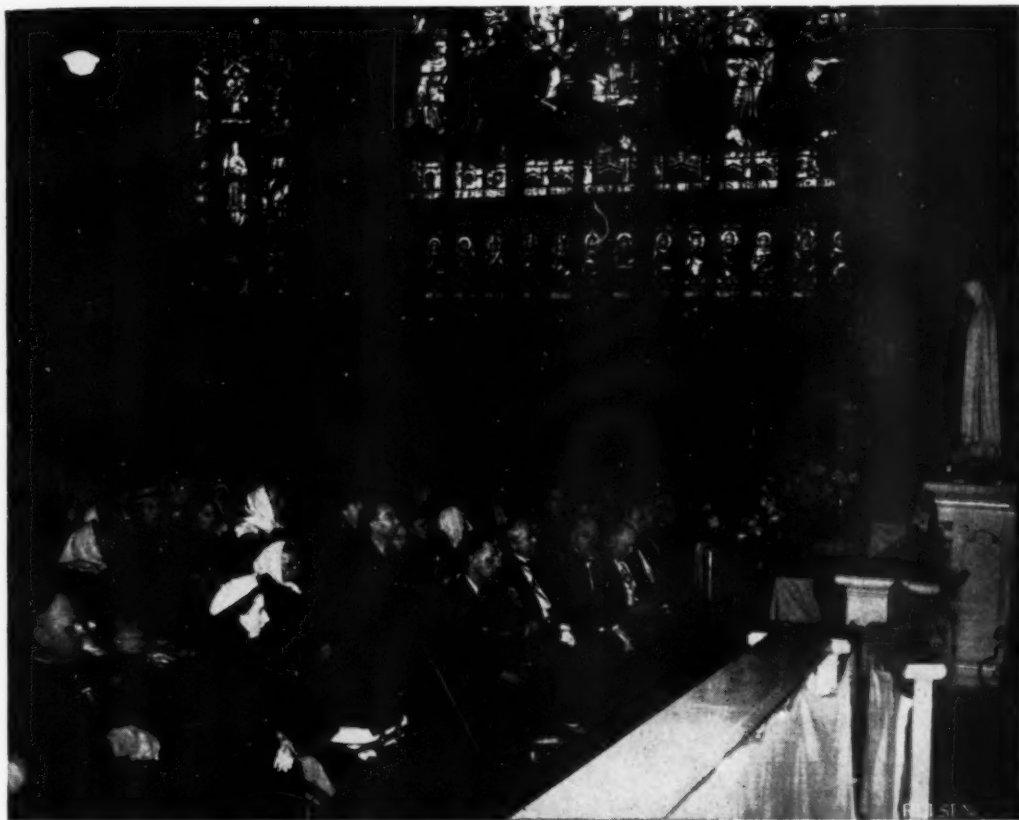
The first of the "pilgrim" replicas was blessed May 13, 1947. It is now touring Europe, having already visited Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium, on its way to the western borders of the "iron curtain" of Russia. Many physical, as well as spiritual cures, have been reported in the wake of this European pilgrimage.

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" was blessed before more than 200,000 pilgrims on October 13, 1947, 30th anniversary of the great Miracle of the Sun, witnessed by more than 70,000 people. Immediately after the blessing, the statue was flown to the United States, and taken by automobile to Ottawa, Canada. There, as a climax to that country's wonderful Marian Congress held last Summer, this beautiful image was blessed and crowned by Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa, on October 19th. Then began a 49 day pilgrimage through Canada, where the famed image visited 7 Dioceses, more than 100 churches (sometimes as many as 8 a day), and was venerated by more than half-a-million Canadians.

On December 8th, the "Pilgrim Virgin" entered the United States at Niagara Falls, New York, and was welcomed by Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Bishop of Buffalo, who is the director of the pilgrimage in this country. The statue was then taken to the Cathedral in Buffalo, where



Four Passionist seminarians carry America's "Pilgrim Virgin" into Immaculate Conception Church, Jamaica, Long Island, on January 4, when it visited the Brooklyn diocese.



Part of the throng that filled St. Mary's Cathedral repeatedly from February 3-8, during its visit to Covington, Kentucky.

nearly 200,000 people came to pay homage during the three-day visit there. Day and night they streamed into the immense cathedral, five abreast, not minding the bitter wind and 15 degree temperature. Since then, this beautiful image of Our Lady, traveling by automobile, has visited the Dioceses of Albany, New York; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Raleigh, N.C.; Covington, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Mobile, Alabama; Natchez, Mississippi; and Lafayette, Louisiana. Everywhere, the story was the same—tremendous crowds, and unheard of “miracles of grace.”

In the Brooklyn Diocese more than 100,000 persons braved almost continual snow and ice to visit the Immaculate Conception Church, Jamaica, Long Island during the week the statue was there. In North Carolina—often called the “China of North America” because it is the least Catholic area in the United States—America’s “Pilgrim Virgin” was welcomed and crowned January 29th by Bishop

Vincent S. Waters before a crowd that packed Sacred Heart Cathedral in Raleigh, beyond capacity.

Icy mountain roads forced the pilgrimage to abandon its car at Winston-Salem, N.C., and to proceed by train to Covington, Kentucky for a five-day visit at historic St. Mary's Cathedral. During that time, more than 50,000 persons took part in some 40 special services conducted in honor of Our Lady of Fatima through the “Pilgrim Virgin.” Highlight of these services was a special ceremony for the sick on February 7th, at which many were in attendance on stretchers and in wheel chairs. Mass was offered by Bishop William T. Mulloy, who also imparted the “blessing of the sick,” a duplication of the ceremony given at Fatima, Portugal on the 13th of each month from May to October. The “Pilgrim Virgin” was carried in procession by Catholic War Veterans, and Bishop Mulloy raised the Blessed Sacrament in blessing over the sick and infirm, while the congregation

recited the Rosary, and the choir sang the "Pange Lingua." The Bishop stated that the five-day services were the most widely attended of any event in the history of the cathedral.

Nearly 15,000 persons viewed the famous statue in Lexington, Kentucky during its two day visit at St. Paul's Church there, although there are but 8000 Catholic in the city. Many busloads of people came from distances as great as 75 miles to attend the services. At Nashville, Tennessee, more than 2000 Catholics jammed the Cathedral of the Incarnation on Ash Wednesday for a Marian Hour of Reparation that evening, led by Bishop William L. Adrian.

Although the pilgrimage was delayed half an hour because of flooded roads that saw waters reaching the floorboards of the car, an overflow gathering of more than 1000 (including the Benedictine Fathers from St. Bernard Abbey) waited patiently at Sacred Heart Church, Cullman, Ala-

bama for the arrival of the "Pilgrim Virgin." This was all the more remarkable considering that the Catholics comprise but 2% of the total population; they had but one day's notice the statue would stop there; and the Marian Hour was conducted at 1:30 on a weekday afternoon.

During the "Pilgrim Virgin's" three-day visit to St. Paul's Church in Birmingham, Alabama, 15,000 visitors took part in reciting the Rosary every half hour from the time of the Solemn High Mass each morning to the Marian Hour each evening. One man drove 85 miles through a driving rain-storm over flooded roads, with winds reaching 60 m.p.h. just to see the famed image while it was in Birmingham. He climaxed his visit by making his first confession in 25 years. When asked why he had made the trip, the man replied he had read about the statue in the paper the day before, and from that moment until he made his confession he had not had a moment's peace.



Bishop Mulloy imports his personal blessing to the sick and infirm as he leaves St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Kentucky, February 7.

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Ceremonies at St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Kentucky.



Catholic War Veterans carry America's "Pilgrim Virgin" into St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Kentucky, for the opening of the five-day visit there. Immediately behind the statue is Abbot Ignatius Esser, O.S.B., and Father Paschal Boland, O.S.B., of St. Meinrad's Abbey.

At Montgomery, Alabama, the throng was so great that hundreds were forced to stand out on the lawn during the Marian Hour at St. Peter's Church. For the services there, many carloads of people had come from distances of 120 miles and more.

10,000 persons attended services at St. Michael's Church in Pensacola, Florida during a two day visit of America's "Pilgrim Virgin" there. One woman, who had been away from the Sacraments for many years, had been praying for the past three years for the grace to return. This grace came to her with the arrival of the statue in Pensacola.

Immaculate Conception Cathedral at Mobile, Alabama—the first American Cathedral dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, having been so dedicated 17 years before the dogma was defined—was host to the "Pilgrim Virgin" for a week from February 19th through February 26th. During the visit there, which Bishop Thomas J. Toolen, D.D. described as "one of the most historic events ever to take place in this old cathedral," more

than 25,000 came to view the famous image.

One of the highlights of the entire pilgrimage occurred at Biloxi, Mississippi on February 28th. Nearly half of that city's total population of 28,000 turned out to welcome America's "Pilgrim Virgin" in a tremendously impressive, dignified, and well-ordered public reception. The pilgrimage was met at the city limits by a police escort and a cavalcade of motor cars which preceded it to City Hall. At City Hall a great parade was formed to take the beautiful replica of Our Lady to the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the parade were such groups as the boy scouts; war veterans; women and girl sodalists; high school students; Holy Name Society; altar boys carrying rosaries; flower girls who made a path of flowers in the streets for the statue; nuns from the various local convents; members of the clergy from Biloxi and surrounding cities; and Brothers of the Holy Cross, who carried the "Pilgrim Virgin" on their shoulders.

The marchers proceeded for several blocks down the main street under huge banners; one which

told of the statue's arrival; another which proclaimed "Our Lady of Fatima—Hope of the World!" Nearly 2000 participated in the parade, with another 12,000 citizens watching in respect, reverence, and curiosity from the sidewalks. Local citizens and newspapers described the event as the greatest public demonstration of faith and devotion ever seen in the long history of the city. The man chiefly responsible for its success is the Very Rev. Msgr. Geoffrey O'Connell, M.A., Ph.D., who with his assistant Fr. Peter Killen, organized the ceremony on one week's notice. Msgr. O'Connell, pastor of the Church of the Nativity of the B.V.M., recently was awarded a large gold trophy in honor of being voted Biloxi's outstanding citizen of 1947.

While at Biloxi, the "Pilgrim Virgin" made its first visit to a Negro parish, stopping at Mother of Sorrows Church. The spirit of these people was remarkable in the love and devotion they showed to the Blessed Virgin Mary. This was doubly true at St. Augustine Seminary where the Negro priests and seminarians of the Society of the

Divine Word paid homage to Our Lady of Fatima during a Marian Hour held there March 3rd.

One of the great demonstrations of devotion in spite of obstacles took place at Lafayette, Louisiana. In spite of an almost incessant downpour that continued for two days, thousands upon thousands of the faithful flocked to St. John's Cathedral to fill that edifice time and again for the special services held during a triduum there in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. They were so pleased with the arrival of the beautiful statue in their church, that a special song of welcome was composed for the "Pilgrim Virgin."

From Lafayette, the "Pilgrim Virgin" will go to the dioceses of New Orleans, La.; Alexandria, La.; Galveston, Texas; Corpus Christi, Texas; Dallas, Texas; and Sante Fe, New Mexico, within the next three months. Many other dioceses in the North, West, Midwest, and East will be visited at later dates. Already, more than one million people have seen and venerated this famed image of Our Lady of Fatima since the pilgrimage began last



The Statue in the Bishop's Chapel at Covington, where the assembled clergy and seminarians dedicated their priestly work to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.



This scene was almost uninterrupted during the five-day monies at the Covington Cathedral.



Bishop Vincent S. Waters and page boy admire America's "Pilgrim Virgin" preparatory to its crowning at Sacred Heart Cathedral, Raleigh, N. C.

October, and millions more are expected to do the same before the statue leaves this country.

Accompanying the statue is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A. of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been with the pilgrimage from its beginning. In each church where the "Pilgrim Virgin" visits, Msgr. McGrath usually conducts the Marian Hour of Reparation, which consists of procession into the church; recitation of the Rosary; sermon on "The Message of Fatima"; Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament; and veneration of the statue. The veneration consists of touching one's beads, prayerbook, or other religious articles to the statue.

The principal theme of Monsignor McGrath's sermons is that "unless we follow the Peace Plan of Mary given by Our Lady at Fatima, we are heading straight into the jaws of an atomic war—a war that well may wipe out our civilization." His words are a grim echo of those spoken by the Mother of God in 1917.

Six times, from May to October, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to three little shepherd



children at Fatima, Portugal. She told them that "Men must cease to offend my Divine Son, already so deeply offended." They must make reparation and sacrifices to atone for sins; they must say the Rosary; should consecrate themselves to her Immaculate Heart; and should practice the devotion of the Five First Saturdays. Our Lady said: "I promise to assist at the hour of death with all the

Officers and enlisted men pray before America's "Pilgrim Virgin" in the Catholic chapel at Maxwell Field, Alabama. Their intention is that Our Lady of Fatima may prevent the war for which they are training.



graces necessary for salvation, all those who on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, shall confess, receive Holy Communion, say five decades of the Rosary, and spend a quarter of an hour with me meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary."

On July 13, 1917, Our Lady gave the three children this message: "If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted, and there will be peace. If my requests are not heard, then precisely in the next pontificate a new and more terrible war will begin; whole nations will be destroyed; the faithful will become martyrs; the Holy Father will have much to suffer; and atheist Russia will spread its errors through the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church."

Then the Blessed Mother concluded: "But in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph; the Holy Father will

America's "Pilgrim Virgin" is held by two priests that it may be touched by a priest who has been blind for forty years and is now crippled as a result of a recent fall. Scene is in St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Kentucky.



Part of the huge throng waiting to venerate Our Lady's image at Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Mobile, Alabama, February 19.

consecrate Russia to me; that country will be converted; and some time of peace will be conceded to the world."

Since most of her dire predictions have already come true, is it any wonder that the "little people" are afraid, and are flocking around the feet of America's "Pilgrim Virgin," anxious to hear the message of Our Lady of Fatima? They seem to realize that if America is to be spared from another war, and from Communism and persecution, they must hurry to fulfill Our Lady's requests of reparation, sacrifices, the Rosary consecration, and the Five First Saturdays. They seem to realize that "*humanly speaking*" it is impossible to prevent another war—but they have hope because of the promises made by Our Lady of Fatima—"Hope of the World."

Part of the procession that welcomed America's "Pilgrim Virgin" in a great public demonstration at Biloxi, Mississippi, February 28. Monsignor Geoffrey O'Connell is in front of the statue.





Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament take part in the procession at Biloxi, Mississippi—the first time in that city that nuns have ever walked in a public procession.



A mother helps her crippled son as he venerates the famed statue of Our Lady in Covington, Kentucky. Looking on is Rt. Rev. Msgr. William C. McGrath, P.A., of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Toronto, Canada, who has been with the pilgrimage from its beginning.

The Things to Its Peace

Most Rev. John F. O'Hara

(Editor's Note) The following extract is from the sermon preached by the Most Reverend John F. O'Hara, Bishop of Buffalo, during the Marian Congress at Ottawa, Canada, in June, 1947. For this copy of the sermon we are indebted to *Our Lady of the Cape*, in which magazine it appeared in February, 1948.

THE scholar interested in tracing the history of devotion to the Mother of God could well confine his studies to a history of heresy. The history of the rise and fall of heresies—not only that of the Albigenses, but of all heresies—holds stories of the power of Mary in winning back souls to God.

The official teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to the Blessed Virgin can be summed up briefly: Mary is the Mother of Jesus the God-Man; She is also the Mother of all mankind. She

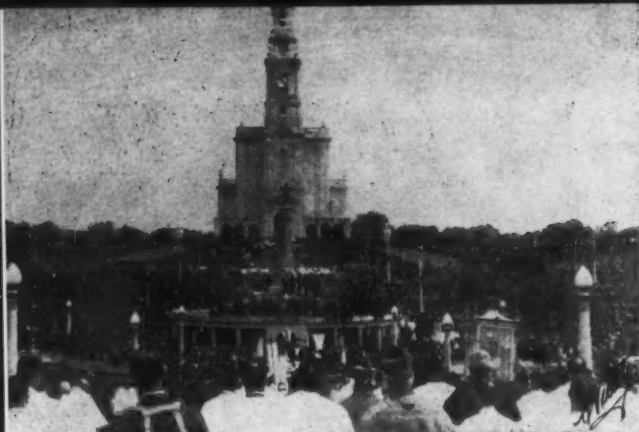


The original statue of Our Lady of Fatima in the Portuguese shrine of Our Lady, erected on the spot where the Blessed Mother appeared to three shepherd children in 1917 and warned of the events that have since come to pass.

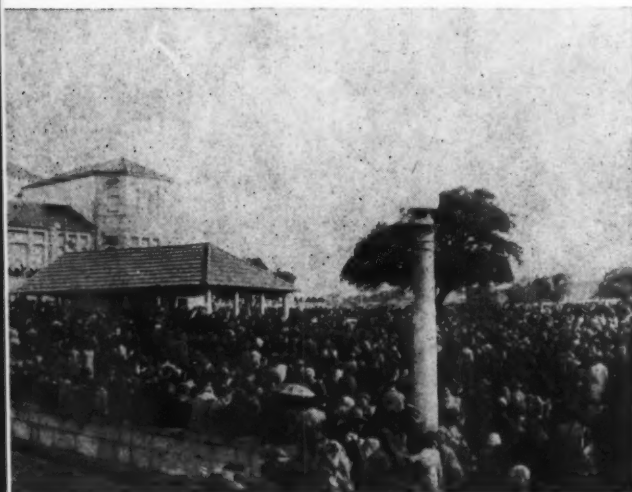


is truly the Co-Redemptrix, and He willed that the Incarnation depend upon the willingness of the Virgin Mary to bear her Child, Emmanuel, through the overshadowing power of the Holy Ghost. By her "*fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*" Mary is a meritorious source of grace. Mary is also the mother of all men. St. Paul assures us that we are all brothers in Christ. Universally, Christ's "*Ecce Mater tua*," spoken from the Cross, has been accepted as including not alone "that disciple whom Jesus loved," but all men. Mary was a virgin before, during and after the Birth of Christ. She was assumed into heaven after death. Mary is the universal Mediatrix of grace. Saint Bernard's words, "It is God's Will that we should receive all graces through Mary," are paraphrased by Leo XIII in his Rosary Encyclical of September 22, 1891: "No portion whatsoever of the immense treasury of graces accumulated by the Savior is

The statue is returning to the Basilica at Fatima after having been taken to Lisbon. An account of this procession was printed in *THE GRAIL* of August, 1947. The Bishop of Leiria accompanies the statue here.



A general view of the Basilica at Fatima and the vast throng of people that assemble there to pay homage to Our Lady.



The pilgrims pray at the Shrine of the apparitions at Fatima.

Many come on their knees to pray to Mary. These pilgrims are making the last part of their journey on their knees at Fatima.



bestowed upon us except through Mary. Such is the Will of God."

Of the world-wide veneration of Mary there is abundant evidence. Certainly, the highest reaches of culture, the flower of civilization owe their inspiration to Mary. Poetry and prose, music, painting and sculpture, all have found their culmination of beauty in the praise of Mary. Dante in the *Paradiso* represents his guide, Saint Bernard, as saying:

"Now raise thy view

Unto the visage most resembling Christ:
For in her splendor only shalt thou win
The power to look on him."

Dante's "Image most resembling Christ" became the standard by which the Church civilized the world. It began with pagan Rome where the debasement of womanhood in the Empire was the root of corruption. With the invading barbarians the Church began again. More chaste than the decadent Romans, but harsh and crude, the Vandals, the Huns, the Franks, the Goths and Visigoths held womanhood in low esteem. Woman was a beast of burden. Again the ideal of the Queen of Heaven and Earth was set before men, and chivalry was born.

Whenever a moral evil has afflicted the Christian world or any portion of it, the most effective remedy has been devotion to the Mother of God, the performance of penance in her honor and in imitation of her life of penance, and reparation undertaken after her example.

There is no more striking, and no more simple statement of the truth underlying this proposition than the injunction of Our Blessed Lady to the three children of Fatima: "Sacrifice yourselves for sinners, and say often, especially when you make sacrifices: "Oh Jesus, it is for love of You, for the conversion of sinners and in reparation for the offenses committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

Those who have passed four decades of life may recall the establishment of the Republic of Portugal. We know that an intolerable wave of anti-clericalism and secularism followed. Evidence of this is presented by the newspapers of 1917, with their articles exaggerated to ridicule, their editorials attributing the apparitions to auto-suggestion, and their attacks against the Church for "a sordid exploitation of the people" and a "plot to arouse the masses against the Republican govern-

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ment." The anti-clerical press kept up the attack on Fatima until the collapse of the Republic regime in 1926. But Fatima gained in power as the years went on, a nation that seemed decadent, that had had sixteen bloody revolutions in sixteen years, dropped its mantle of infidelity and came back to a fervent worship of God. And not only in Portugal, but all over the world, especially in the years since 1942, when Pope Pius XII consecrated the world to Mary, there has grown up a spirit of penance and reparation, a willingness to make any sacrifice to achieve the promise of world peace made to Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta.

The promise was part of the secret imparted to the children on July 13, 1917. The secret consisted in three parts, two of which were made known on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Fatima in 1942. The first part was a terrifying vision of hell. The second part was given to Lucia in these words: "If sinners do what I am going to tell you, many souls will be saved and there will be peace. This war is going to end, but if men do not stop offending God, in the reign of the next Pontiff a worse war will start . . . To forestall this, I will come to request the consecration of Russia to My Immaculate Heart, and communion in reparation on every first Saturday. If they heed my request, Russia will be converted and there will be peace: if not, its errors will spread throughout the world, promoting wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, various nations will be annihilated, but in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, and it will be converted, and some time of peace will be granted to the world."

Jacinta, who was only seven at the time of the apparitions and ten when she died, kept the secret to the grave. But she did tell the Superioress of the Orphanage where she lay ill: "If men do not amend their lives, Almighty God will send the world, beginning with Spain, a punishment such as has never yet been seen." In another revelation she told the Mother of "great world events, which would take place around 1940." With these words as a key, we bow before the deadly accuracy of Mary's prophetic words.

Would to God the world could learn the things that are to its peace!



Blessing of the sick at Fatima.



Holy Communion is distributed during Holy Mass at Fatima.

The sick attending Holy Mass at Fatima.





After a week-long stay in Ottawa, the statue of Our Lady of Fatima was taken to the Canadian National Shrine at Cap-de-la-Madeleine on Saturday, October 25. There Bishop Georges-Leon Pelletier of Three Rivers consecrated his diocese and French Canada to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Then twelve priests began to hear pilgrims' confessions and there began the "Rosary hours" which continued throughout the Madonna's visit, interrupted only by distribution of Holy Communion at 12:30 and by the Masses which were celebrated every hour on the hour, commencing at 3 a.m.

This shrine has its own story and here we give a fervent account of what Our Lady means to those who love her. The picture to the left is Our Lady of the Cape. The shrine itself was founded in 1714. In 1879 took place the prodigy of the Bridge of the Rosaries. In 1888 the eyes of the image were seen to move as described in this article. In 1904 took place the crowning of the Statue and in 1909 the shrine was declared a National Shrine by the Canadian Episcopate. Between May and October of last year over 350,000 pilgrims visited the shrine.

The Miracle Lady

by Mary Ellen Kelly

THE first time I saw her I fell in love. So exquisite was she that it seemed the beauty of the whole world was centered in her. Under many names I had known and revered this radiant maiden, but this was the first time my head had bowed in reverence to Mary Immaculate, Our Lady of the Cape.

The circumstances of our meeting were strange. Living in a small Iowa town, I was unaware of the fame of Canada's historic Cap-de-la Madeleine until a year ago when, through Cinderella-like arrangements, I was enabled to make a pilgrimage to her hallowed shrine.

Seeing the old chapel and the miraculous statue for the first time produced a startling effect in me. Out of the rain and darkness, my pilgrim companions and I entered the shrine and found therein a sight that might have dropped from Heaven. Overhead, small silver designs in the pale blue ceiling shone softly. To the left, a blanket of colored vigil lights cast a warm glow. On the carved golden altar, tall spikes of pink, blue, and

white delphiniums stood proudly. Then, on the tabernacle surrounded by four white pillars and a parted blue canopy was Our Lady of the Cape. Her eyes were nearly closed, and in her slender fingertips she held a gold rosary that was entwined about the pillars. Her arms, reaching out, seemed to embrace us in assurance that we were now safe, for Mary, Comforter of the Afflicted, had been waiting to welcome us.

The spiritual benefits bestowed on the pilgrims by the regal Queen of the Cape were so great that I resolved to return one day. On August 22 that promise was realized. This time as I beheld the glorious Virgin, it was not with the awed stare of a stranger, but with the loving gaze of a devoted client.

In the course of a year and two visits to the shrine, I have become familiar with its unique story. A year ago I was wholly ignorant of the heartaches, mystery, and triumphant joys that had starred in the drama of the Cape. Now that these scenes of the past have been reconstructed, a new

and thrilling realization of Our Lady's power and majesty has arisen.

Cap-de-la Madeleine had an humble beginning, but an adventurous one. The village, situated on the banks of the great St. Lawrence River, was named in honor of the Magdalen. It was here three hundred years ago that Jacques Buteux of the Society of Jesus settled in the hope of building a God-loving community. This brave missionary planted the seed of Faith, but death at the hands of the Iroquois prevented him from seeing the harvest.

As massacre of the settlers continued, prayers for deliverance were offered to the Mother of God with heartfelt devotion. In each home, the voices of the frightened villagers rose in supplication. At last their merciful Mother besought her Son, and peace descended upon them.

In the following years, these people became unmindful of God's goodness and drifted away from Him, allowing the gap to widen continually. For one hundred years they were without a priest and consequently without the graces of the Sacraments. Soon Heaven's Queen, who had so graciously come to their assistance, was forgotten.

To this unfertile field came Luc Desilets, a hardworking priest with a great devotion to Our Lady and an indomitable spirit. The patience of an ordinary man would have been exhausted, but Father Desilets never wavered, and at last his efforts bore fruit.

In time the church built in 1714 failed to accommodate the parish. Although the need for a larger building was imperative, the only available stone was across the river, which was impossible to cross. At this point, the river was so rapid that it did not freeze over.

After weeks of earnest petitioning, the parishioners lost interest. Only a few faithful souls continued the vigil with Father Desilets. Now that the March thaw had come, the cause seemed hopeless. With confidence born of love, the priest begged God for a sign that would direct him.

On March 16 the answer came. On the blocks of heavy ice that had broken and floated down the river a thick blanket of snow had fallen. Although a continuous bridge had not formed, the pastor felt assured that he could work his way across from one solid cake to another. With two guides he began the dangerous crossing, reaching the opposite shore to the amazement of the fearful onlookers.

Until dawn the men worked, covering the gaps between the ice floes with branches, which, when watered, would freeze. For forty-eight hours this process was repeated.

Constantly during the next week the sleighs hauled stone over the still treacherous bridge, until enough was transported to build the new church window high. Then suddenly the snow began to melt. Our Lady had not failed her people.

With the background laid, the next chapter in



The shrine of Our Lady of the Cape, built in 1714, and its annex.

the story of Cap-de-la Madeleine was to be unfolded. The date was June 22, 1888. Overhead the cloudless sky was as blue as Mary's robe. Throughout the French village with its quaint narrow streets and old world look there was a sense of stirring excitement. Hurrying along with unusual solemn joy were large crowds of people, all going to the original church. This would be a day Canada was not to forget. This was a day of great achievement, for the humble chapel was consecrated and dedicated as a national shrine to Our Lady, Queen of the Rosary.

But the day's wonders were not over. Throughout the days a number of parishioners had remained in the shrine to beseech their holy Mother to grant a sign that would show her approval. Now the sun was setting and their request was unanswered. At last they returned to their homes.

Then into the chapel came Father Desilets and Father Frederick, a saintly Franciscan, supporting Pierre Lacroix, a crippled old man who had asked the priests to join him in praying for his recovery. Together the three men, two kneeling and one resting on a chair, offered themselves in prayer.

Suddenly the men were struck with amazement as they saw the face of the statue become *animated*! Clearly they saw the lowered eyelids opening, revealing two beautiful eyes which looked, not at them, but out into the sunset.

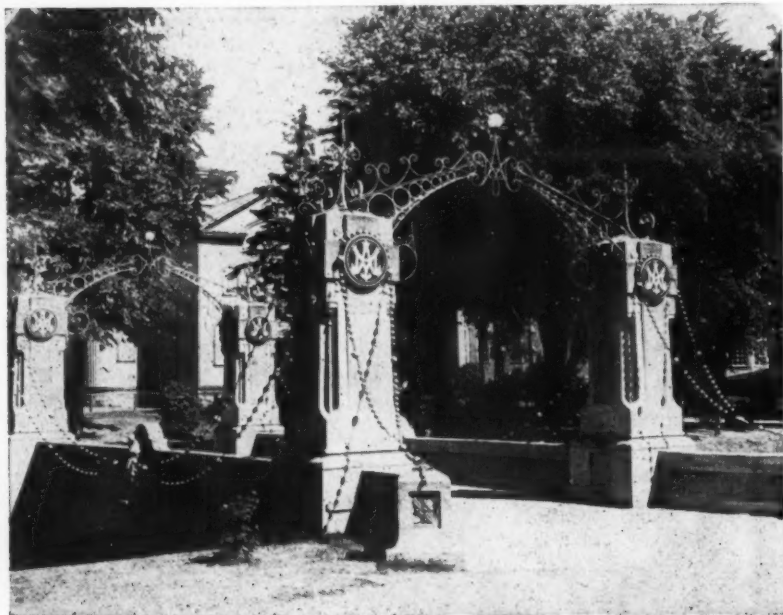
Completely stunned and unable to believe their

eyes, the two priests and layman remained motionless in astonishment. Finally, Father Desilets asked Father Frederick if he too had seen the miracle. He nodded his assent; so had Pierre Lacroix. Assured that they were not mistaken, they went closer to the statue. Our Lady's features, possessing a majestic quality, were grave and very sad.

After ten minutes the miracle came slowly to an end, leaving the statue with its same peaceful expression and lowered eyelids. Why had her gaze, sad and troubled, been directed westward, toward Three Rivers and Montreal? No one can be sure of the answer.

Heaven's Queen continued to manifest her presence at different times for two years. On one occasion, Father Frederick, kneeling in prayer, saw the face of the statue become animated and the eyes close entirely as great tears flowed softly down Our Lady's face. Unaware then of the full significance, Father Frederick learned later that at that very moment, his dear friend and Our Lady's faithful knight, Father Luc Desilets, had died.

With increasing attendance during the following years, both the afflicted and those sore in spirit have journeyed to this place of peace and beauty. Against the wall at the right end of the altar railing are crutches, canes, and braces, mute but eloquent testimony of the merciful Virgin's response to the requests of her devoted pilgrims.



The Rosary Bridge at Our Lady of the Cape, Canada.

Last June the miraculous statue left its home for the first time to be taken to the Marian Congress at Ottawa. Along the way thousands upon thousands of Canadians paid homage to the Queen whom the statue represented. Struck with its loveliness, the crowd's devotion to Mary was stimulated; hearts that were cold poured forth their love.

Again on September 18 the famous image, created by Zephren Dorval, an artist of Cap-de-la Madeleine, in 1858, left its sanctuary, this time into and across another country. Permission to take the honored statue to California on a Rosary Pilgrimage, was given to the Confraternity of Pilgrims by the Council of Oblate Fathers, guardians of the shrine. (It was under the sponsorship of the Confraternity that I made my two pilgrimages.) Our Lady's work is never done.

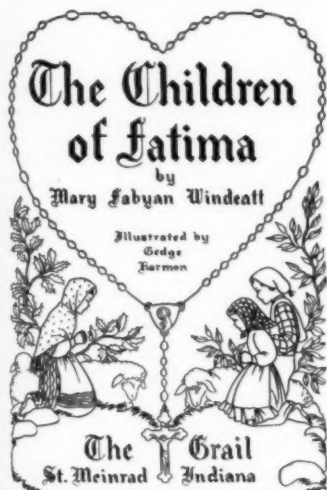
Fame will never alter Cap-de-la Madeleine. The whole atmosphere is one of complete and perfect isolation. The worldly things that ordinarily comprise daily living are gone and never missed. Entirely new is the feeling that at last, one's life is no longer cluttered, but simple, quiet, and orderly. This unique sense of "apartness" is not restricted to the chapel alone, but permeates the entire grounds. Whether drinking water from the spring, crossing Rosary Bridge, or watching the lights dance on the water surrounding Our Lady of the Lake, this awareness of Mary's presence is keen.

So long as one venerates the Virgin Mother with love and confidence, it really should not matter too much which title is used—Refuge of Sinners,



The Miraculous Madonna is enshrined atop this altar.

Our Lady of Fatima, Sorrowful Mother, and so on, because she answers to all these names. But for me, the Miracle Lady is a beautiful Queen in a blue mantle, with her outstretched hands clasping a rosary, her eyes lowered, and on her head a golden crown—Our Lady of the Cape.



The Children of Fatima

For those who have not yet read a book on the appearances of the Blessed Mother to the three children of Fatima, this book is especially recommended. In these 144 pages the facts are so vividly related that one feels that one has stood side by side with the children during the visions. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon.

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BETWEEN the LINES...

Cooperatives--A Neighborhood Activity

H. C. McGinnis

A TOOL, no matter how good it may be, is only something to look at unless one knows how to use it. It performs in relation to the dexterity of its user. Co-operative enterprises in themselves hold no particular magic. Their service to the community depends upon those who organize and conduct them. The sudden growth of consumer-cooperatives throughout the country has indeed proved very encouraging to the many advocates of this activity; however, it must be remembered that most of these new activities have been commenced by large organizations, such as labor unions, which have immediately at hand the facilities to commence co-operative operations. These organizations usually have quarters which can be used, temporarily at least, for store room purposes. They also have the funds necessary to purchase a stock of goods. Their membership forms an immediate clientele. Hence, when a committee appointed to study the modus-operandi of co-operative buying and selling has

completed its work, another consumer-cooperative is ready to do business. In recent weeks the daily press has carried one account after another of the opening and successful conduct of such operations as various communities throughout the nation struggle to preserve a decent standard of living by defeating the depredations committed upon their welfare by the high cost of living.

Encouraging as such reports are, they nevertheless offer little encouragement to potential neighborhood groups which do not possess the above mentioned advantages. It therefore becomes important for us to know how the people of an average community can operate co-operatively, starting from the ground up. The procedure is not at all complicated. On the contrary, it is really more simple than many activities commonly engaged in by community groups, particularly in civic matters.

A person interested in starting some form of cooperative enterprise in his community should first ac-

quaint himself with the basic principles of cooperative activities. Since the average person is today interested in a consumer-cooperative, interested persons need to acquire information concerning this phase of the movement only. Several very good books are to be had. If they cannot be secured at a local library, the writer, addressed through THE GRAIL, will be glad to furnish a list. Any one of them will give the information necessary to the taking of the next several steps. After one has acquired this information, the next step is to bring together a small group of neighbors. This meeting should preferably be held in the originator's home so that the atmosphere may be informal. The people invited should not consist of more than five or six couples. It has been found advisable that both father and mother of neighboring families be invited, for the matter to be discussed is of interest to both of them. It is also well to hold the membership of this first group to the above relatively small number so

that discussion may be free and unlimited.

This group will be at first nothing more than a study group, for it is necessary that its members become acquainted with the basic methods and objectives of cooperative buying and also with the stern necessity of abiding faithfully by the Rochdale principles which will be outlined clearly in almost any book on consumer-cooperatives. Although the persons invited to this first meeting need not be people with outstanding ability, they should be chosen with the fact in mind that they should be able, after a meeting or two of the first group, to organize similar groups of their own.

The original group need hold no more than two or three meetings before expansion can be activated. Although the ultimate objectives should be, where possible, the formation of a retail cooperative store, it must be remembered that this objective may never be obtained in many communities. However, the formation of a neighborhood group which purchases its necessities at wholesale is always possible. Hence, a group designed to pool orders for the purpose of purchasing direct from wholesalers should be the immediate objective. Since the operation of such a group is very simple, the original group need only to meet a few times before it commences activities. The founder of the original group should explain this to the other group members and should suggest that they begin thinking about the possible membership of similar groups of their own. When these additional groups have been formed, they will represent twenty-five or thirty families, a number sufficiently large to buy wholesale. This second series of neighborhood groups can multiply itself five or six times by each member-family organizing a new group to become a part of the third series of groups, and so on. Thus it is evident that the movement's founder in a locality multiplies his activity five or six times in his own group, then by twenty-five or thirty times in the second series of groups, then by one hundred and twenty-five

to one hundred and fifty times by the third group and so on. In each of these further operations the pattern remains the same as was used in the initial group, which means that there is nothing at all complicated about the procedure. Even after the additional groups are formed, the various member-families should continue to attend meetings of the groups in which they first became members for the further study of cooperative activities. Through these groups they can subscribe to the many periodicals and price-lists which may be had from various cooperative associations. The more the members know about cooperative buying, the greater the savings they will be able to effect. In fact, before long they will begin to see how they can sometimes purchase direct from processors and manufacturers, thus eliminating other middlemen who stand between producers and consumers.

After the second or third series of groups has been organized, the spread of the movement throughout the entire community may be greatly hastened by holding monthly meetings open to the general public. These meetings may be held in a local hall or school auditorium and should be well advertised. Some phase of the cooperative movement should be discussed by a speaker and then questions from the audience solicited. Such meetings usually produce new members; and these should be organized into groups promptly. It is advisable that committees exist for the purpose of grouping these new members geographically and arranging that they are furnished with a group leader who has already given some study to cooperative activities.

Such monthly meetings should be thoughtfully planned so that they will be as attractive as possible. Proper attention paid to the program and other arrangements will pay large dividends to the local movement, for obviously the greater the purchasing power, the greater the savings involved. In the many places where the above procedure has been followed, existing members

make arrangements for light refreshments to be served. This may be done by setting aside a small percentage of the savings effected through the wholesale buying already established. In fact, the most successful of these neighborhood movements follow the plan of having a social hour follow the meetings of each study group.

In connection with wholesome buying, particularly where the buying group is somewhat large, the question naturally arises about the method of assembling and distributing the purchases made by the member-families. Since the assembling and consolidating of the individual purchase orders, and doing this work accurately and conscientiously, is no easy task, and the breaking down of the wholesaler's delivery into the individual orders is a chore which requires considerable time, it is well that from those volunteering to do this work, one or more be elected by the membership. Such person or persons should be paid for the time given to this work and such recompense should be just and reasonable. A good method is for the purchasers to agree that a certain percentage of the wholesale price they pay be added to their orders to cover necessary expenses. Since this procedure is mandatory where transportation and other inevitable overhead expenses are involved, it can also be stretched to cover the cost of the clerical help found necessary. For example, purchasers may pay 10% over the wholesale prices furnished by the various wholesalers contacted. Out of this additional remittance, necessary and previously agreed upon expenses will be deducted. The difference between this additional remittance and the actual expenses involved may then be returned to the individual purchasers or, if agreed upon, be credited to each member and held by the organization's treasurer for the purpose of acquiring membership shares in a regularly established retail store should one be planned. Such details can always be worked out best by each local organization.

THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens, running serially in The Grail by special arrangement with the author and publisher, may be bought in book form from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. The price is \$2.25. This book is a sympathetic and frank appeal to girls to retain the beauty of their pure souls. No more appropriate gift could be found for any girl from six to sixty. Introduce it to the Pastor, to the Sisters, to parents, to all girls. They will be grateful to you. The author is Father Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Editor's Note: Most girls will welcome the priceless hints given to them in this series of articles. Some may take exception to a few of the remarks. Whether you agree or disagree with the writer you are invited to send in your comment on the articles that all readers may have the benefit of them. Send your remarks to "Those Terrible Teens," The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Thank you.

ME FIRST, PLEASE



TO SAY THAT THE CATHOLIC GIRL is frequently selfish is to make a statement which is neither alarming nor controversial, for the declaration is about equivalent to saying that a Catholic girl, like a Protestant boy or a Jewish father or a Hindu grandmother, is a human being, and human beings are frequently selfish. Indeed, it would not require intensive research to establish that a certain brass-bound selfishness is a fairly constant characteristic of the human animal; you need only watch two small children heading for one toy in the nursery or two large women heading for one seat in the subway. For the young girl, however, the point of particular concern in this matter is not that she is selfish, but that she is often cruelly selfish without in the least suspecting it. No doubt it would be possible for us to comfort ourselves here with the reflection that a person is not morally responsible for the evil he does unconsciously; but the comfort is a selfish one. It is an excellent thing for all of us to realize that we can be a pest, a nuisance

and a menace without ever committing a conscious mortal sin.

There is no difficulty about understanding what selfishness is. Selfishness is the habitual preference of myself to any other. Obviously, there are times when the preference of my own interests to the interests of others would not constitute selfishness at all, but would be entirely proper or even necessary. I am not free to prefer the eternal salvation of another to my own or to sin with another by way of gracious favor. Likewise, if some misguided individual brandishes a loaded revolver in my face with criminal intent, I need feel no compunction and only the faintest regret as I bash his skull with the nearest available blunt instrument. Apart, however, from all such legitimate defense or exercise of fundamental human rights, the habitual and almost universal preference of my own well-being to that of any others constitutes the vice of selfishness; and we insist that many a "nice" girl hasn't the faintest notion how very selfish she is.

The perfect theater for the fullest play of selfishness is, of course, the home. Let us begin with a highly practical and, to tell the truth, somewhat irritable question. Why is it that so many "nice"

girls help so little with household tasks? The first answer is that a certain number of perfectly normal and willing girls are spoiled by doting parents. In such cases, by the time the miss is a Senior in high school she is not at all useful around the house because she actually doesn't know *how* to be useful. This foolishness occurs most frequently in those cases where the little lady is the only child. It need only be added that such a girl's domestic uselessness is not criminal, but pathetic, and that, if she is selfish, it is because she has been invited to be selfish.

But by far the more correct explanation of the failure of girls to help with domestic tasks is not trained ineptitude, but selfishness. It is nothing less than incredible to what a degree perfectly "nice" girls will accept and presume the personal services of their mothers. Not only does mother cook for daughter; she washes for her, irons for her, mends for her, makes the bed for her, straightens out her room for her, scours the bathroom for her, and, in odd moments, runs little errands for her. It was this writer's privilege—though that may not be the word—to be present on an occasion when a college girl returned from a hard afternoon at the theater. As she fluttered up the stairs to her room she called down to her mother: "Did you finish pressing that dress of mine?" Mother replied a little guiltily that she hadn't, but would do the job at once. The writer had a fleeting temptation to suggest that the dress be ironed with the girl in it.

Is it not very much to the point to observe at this juncture how many girls there are now who never learn the rudiments of cooking? No doubt such an observation will be considered hopelessly bourgeois and painfully old-fashioned; yet it happens to be true, and the only surprising thing is that men do not find this fact more alarming, for—heed this well, fair reader!—in the long run a man will give up everything this side of heaven except his faith and his food. But it is impossible to learn cooking except where cooking is done, namely, in the kitchen. So mademoiselle will never become proficient with a skillet as long as she cannot be lured into the kitchen for any purpose except to examine the interior of the refrigerator in the late evening.

Now here is the oddest aspect of such casual selfishness on the part of Catholic young women. It not infrequently happens that this domestically lazy and hence truly selfish girl is rather specially devout and enthusiastic in the practice of her faith. Perhaps the best way to express a truth so mysterious is to say that a dainty, domestic loafer is sometimes a very good and wonderful girl. Such contradictory talk brings us to an enormous truth at which we will only hint now: that the spirituality of many Catholic girls and women is a very deficient spirituality, for it lacks the imperative quality of practicality. There's many a girl who says her

prayers well, and lives them not at all. Devout young women should be at least willing to entertain the idea that upon occasion washing a dish may be a better and holier act than saying a Hail Mary. Indeed, we do not hesitate to recommend to Catholic girls, for the deepening of their spiritual lives, the bathing and drying of a couple of decades of dishes after dinner in the evening.

There is a second way in which otherwise sweet and amiable young women give evidence of a really surprising selfishness, and that is by their casual and persistent use of what belongs to others, and their regular assumption, for private use, of what is intended for general family use. For example, there are two fairly modern inventions which certainly might be expected to bring a considerable degree of convenience to any family: the automobile and the bathroom. Yet, if there be one selfish person in the family, the car and the bathroom immediately become, not conveniences, but incitements to homicide. The unshaven lord and master of the house pounds on the bathroom door and moans piteously while, within, daughter pursues that elusive thing, beauty. Mother looks for the car in order to expedite the weekly shopping, but the car is already in use: Angel has it, and, in the kindness of her heart, is driving fourteen girl friends to the movies. So it goes, and what should be a peaceful family life staggers from domestic crisis to domestic crisis, all because of the selfishness of one teen-age girl.

The same severe strain is placed on family peace if one person makes a habit of wearing or using what should be personal to another. There should, indeed, be a certain healthy communal spirit in every home, and no normal person objects to occasional lending and borrowing in the bosom of the family. Nevertheless, there is a limit to this sort of thing, and the limit should be sharply imposed when the use of what belongs to others tends to become unilateral: that is, when one member of a family does all the lending, and one does all the borrowing. This is most particularly true when the "borrowing" is of that silent, convenient sort which does not involve informing the one from whom you borrow. I seem to recall being present in a perfectly sound Catholic home when a younger sister came in clad entirely in the garments of her older sister, though the fact was a matter of some surprise to the older sister. Likewise I have known one pair of sisters with whom the arrangement seemed to be that one girl laundered the clothes, and the other wore them. I am happy to say that this arrangement was finally terminated by the right girl.

If the objection be made that these are very trivial matters upon which to chivy young girls, a very easy answer may be made. These matters are not trivial at all, or they are trivial only as straws in the wind are trivial: they are light, but indicative.

And the seemingly trifling phenomena we have mentioned constitute a solid indication of an unsuspected degree of selfishness in young women who in other ways are so admirable and so truly good. Besides, let it not be thought that there is anything trivial about cultivated selfishness. The vice is bad enough in a man. In a woman it is abominable.

The high-school girl will do well to spend a certain amount of time worrying about the welfare, convenience and general comfort of others with whom she lives or associates. She will do even better to discipline her own desires and deny her own inclinations—with reasonable regularity—in the interests of others. The effort is of capital importance, for thus the girl is learning to be a true woman. Large looms the truth that a woman is a

giving creature. You may see God's good intent in a woman's body, which is fashioned to give life. You may see it in her gentle heart, which is given so wholly and simply to all who will love her. You may see it in her ready tears, which she will give to the afflicted when nothing else will serve.

Most clearly of all you may read the woman-nature in the awful degeneration which takes place after a lifetime of calculated selfishness; as you may read the same gorgeous truth in the unearthly beauty of an aging mother who, years ago, for once and all, forgot herself in the interests of others.

It is strange that women do not more clearly grasp the essential paradox of their lives: that for her own happiness, a woman must be a giving, and not a taking, creature.

GOT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

ACCORDING TO ONE OF THE MORE ENLIGHTENING legends of Greek mythology, an exceedingly foolish mortal man once accepted an invitation to act as sole judge in a beauty contest between three goddesses. Significantly, all three goddesses promptly offered the young man a bribe, and, since they were people of some influence—being goddesses, they had connections—the bribes they offered were by no means inconsequential. Hera tempted the youth with a promise of the sovereignty of all Asia. Athena promised him glory in war. Aphrodite, with somewhat keener insight into the man-nature, proposed as her bribe a bride: a bride who would be the most beautiful woman on earth. The young man, whose name was Paris, if that matters, accepted Aphrodite's little proposition, and awarded her the prize, which, oddly, was a golden apple; and then, we may feel sure, he very quickly went away from there. The upshot of the whole business was a ten years' war in which blood flowed and brave men died and women wept bitter tears, as you may read in old Homer. The meaning of the story would seem to be that, with women, no subject is more dangerous and explosive to talk about than feminine beauty.

Let us now talk about feminine beauty.

If the contest between the goddesses had been a competition in any other field, if the point of superiority had been intelligence or singing or cooking ability or penmanship, Paris might have brought off his foolhardy task of judgment without any terribly serious consequences. There would have been a certain amount of talk, naturally, and the young man might have had some hard looks and cold stares (women do these things so well) from the two losers, but in all likelihood the trouble would have blown over in a few years. But the contest

was on the subject of beauty. The question was: "Is some woman better-looking than I?" So when Paris decided that question, he had, in the eyes of two women, committed the unforgivable sin. He had as much as said they were homely.

It is a fairly safe bet that if you asked a hundred young women what they would most desire in this world, the honest answer of ninety would be, "I would like to be beautiful." Upon this deep, instinctive longing of womankind an entire industry has been constructed, and the beauty-shop industry makes millions of dollars annually. All of which suggests that the Catholic girl might very well profit by some brief, plain talk on the subject of feminine beauty.

Let us begin with a common-sense reflection that physical or corporal beauty is a comparative rarity in this vale of tears. It seems likely that Hollywood, with its abundant array of synthetic beauty, has consciously or unconsciously propagated the opposite notion in the young women of our country: that every girl owes it to herself and to everyone else to be handsome, and that if she is not so, she is somehow exceptional. Precisely the contrary is true. One of the more dependable news-magazines once published a comparative study of the geometry of two feminine types, the Hollywood type and the average, American, extra-Hollywood type. To say that the contrast was striking would be to use an extremely mild expression. The plain fact is that by far the majority of women are very plain indeed. If that is so, then it follows that most wives are plain and most mothers are plain—at which point it is sensible to ask, "Dear girl, what are you worrying about?" Of course, there is some sort of answer to that question, namely, the overpowering urge which every woman feels to be different. Yet it

should have some sobering and comforting effect on a plain girl to realize that at least she has plenty of company in her plainness.

A second healthy reflection on external beauty is that it is a free gift of God. Two conclusions immediately follow from this proposition. First, the non-beautiful girl* has no ground for complaint. We are creatures, not creators, and we are in no position to make demands upon the Creator. No one has any claim, in justice, to any extraordinary gift of God. The only sensible and becoming attitude in one who is created is to be genuinely grateful for the gifts that have been given, and to make no comment on gifts that have not been given; although the generous and the thoughtful are as grateful to God for what they have not as for what they have. Secondly, the beautiful girl has no ground for vanity. She is the recipient of a free gift, and as such deserves not the slightest credit. Moreover—and this is an exceedingly profitable reflection for beautiful girls—she may entertain the notion that her gift of beauty may very possibly be accompanied by some deficiency which will appear in due time; for our good God is much fairer and more just, even in an immediate, obvious sense, than He sometimes seems.

Girls should realize also that there is a definite connection between beauty and another of God's free gifts, and this latter gift ranks lowest in the entire scale of God's goodness. There is a connection between beauty and money. Physical beauty cannot withstand the strain of crushing, physical labor. Now does my heart warm with affection and swell with pride as I recall her who was my mother. She was poor, and for a large family, throughout the years, she cooked and cleaned and laundered and mended and struggled and worried and nursed. No, she was not good-looking or sleek or well-preserved. She was only supremely beautiful, with a beauty that no man can give and no money can buy. Good looks cannot survive such hard and noble usage. It is, in general, the woman of means, the woman who has an "easy" life, who presents the fairest picture to eyes which cannot see. Moreover, beauty must wear beautiful robes, remember, and beautiful robes come at a price. The girl of modest means will have to dress modestly in a financial as well as a moral sense. She will not be beautiful and may not catch every eye. She may, however, catch a very good man.

There is a further salutary reflection on feminine beauty. It is exceedingly perishable. The most trivial accident, the smallest scratch, some strange, stubborn infection—and where before there was beauty, there now is that which turns the eyes away quickly,

* After long consideration and much soul-searching, I am convinced that this the safest way to express a very difficult idea.

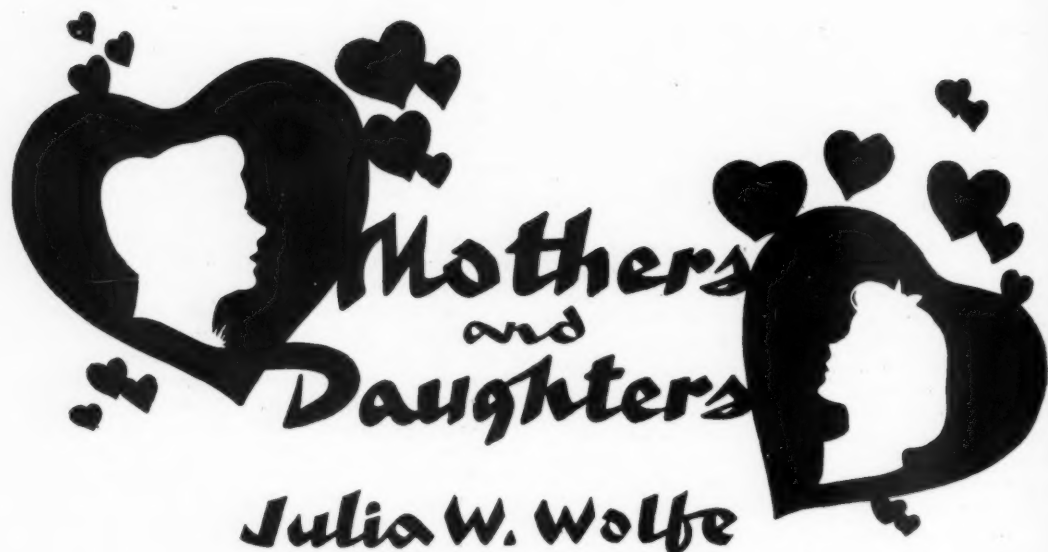
and with pain. Perhaps silly girls who are obsessed with the craving for beauty should pay more visits to hospitals. There is little handsomeness in hospitals. You may find there, however, better and more lasting things to dream about; courage, for example.

The last and most urgent word on the subject of feminine pulchritude must be this: beauty is a quite dangerous gift. There are two reasons for such a familiar statement.

Beauty is perilous because of the connection between beauty and physical temptation. As everyone knows (women best of all) the first appeal that a woman has for a man is through his eyes. Just as the feminine mind possesses an endless curiosity about all sorts of things, so the masculine eye is equipped with a boundless capacity for feminine beauty. It is instructive, by the way, how resolutely this male tendency survives years of discipline. Unquestionably, it is possible for a man to look at pulchritude and to feel nothing more than aesthetic pleasure. It is possible, also, and rather probable—in the undisciplined it is certain—for the aesthetic pleasure to degenerate into physical desire. Now the man no longer admires loveliness; he wants to possess it. It follows that temptation to unchastity will be presented much more powerfully and persistently to the beautiful girl than to the plain girl.

Despite this very real and very terrifying danger, it is probably true that by far the deeper peril of beauty lies in its constant invitation to pride. We may happily take it as certain that the overwhelming majority of good-looking Catholic girls remain as pure as they are lovely. The same cannot be said about the perennial temptation to pride, a temptation which is more subtle. The Catholic girl who is pleased with what she sees in her mirror will almost certainly continue to be an innocent girl; but will she continue to be a humble girl? It is immensely difficult for beauty not to look down on plainness. There is a girl named Dorothy, and to her was paid a tribute—and by another girl, bless her!—which should be the ambition of every beautiful girl, for it would be the crown of her beauty: "Dorothy has the looks of a beautiful girl, and the manners of a homely girl."

Dear Catholic girls, some very cruel or very stupid or very evil people have tried to sell you the idea that, for a girl, the end and object of life is to be beautiful, that beauty is the highest and most desirable feminine attribute. It is not so. Every one of you—believe this, please!—is as beautiful as she needs to be in order to be happy here and forever. No one can promise you happiness because you are good-looking, but happiness will indeed be yours if you are good. You may think that a man wants a beautiful woman, but what a man needs is a good woman. That's even true of God. Do you notice how He takes to Himself, not the best-looking, but the best?



Mothers and Daughters

Julia W. Wolfe

OF all the varied opportunities that come to a young girl in daily life the chance to know her mother is the most valuable. "Whenever I want to know what a girl is like?" said a wise young man, "I try to find out how she treats her mother in the home."

"How do you go about it?" asked a listener.

"Oh," said he, "I merely ask her to go some place or to do something that I know her mother does not approve of, and then I wait and see how she acts when her mother objects."

The persons who were listening wanted to tell the young man that a girl does not have a fixed attitude toward her mother. The relations between a mother and a daughter are a good deal like the beautiful stained-glass window in a Church, made of countless grains of sand, figments of color and of particles of design which is the labor of years. Observations made at any time in the process of construction might be misleading; observations made outside the window are different from observations made from within the home; even the time of day and the power of the sun behind the glass make a difference. We like to think that most girls know fairly well how to treat their mothers; it truly is a matter that bears powerfully upon the character of both mothers and daughters.

Are girls successful as daughters? This is not easy to answer. Almost every other relation in life has recognized standards. Women plan deliberately to

be loving mothers, wise teachers and inspiring wives, but to be a charming inspiring daughter is quite as difficult as to be all of the other things; a girl needs great resourcefulness to accomplish it successfully.

There are five questions a girl must ask herself to determine whether she is successful as a daughter. The first is, Do I really know what my mother is like?

What a question! Of course. Our mother is the one person always on hand, the one person we have a right to think that we do know well! But just try to make a character sketch of your mother, working as carefully as Whistler worked when he painted a portrait of his mother! Don't be content with saying, "She is the darlinest creature on earth." Don't be content at classifying her as a type—and stop generalizing for a moment and think of your mother, not as a fixed person, but as a growing personality. We are far too likely to think of our mothers as finished products, so to speak, as inflexible, unchanging, and as belonging to the house once for all. We forget that they are changing as fast as we are, and that often they are changing at a more interesting rate of speed.

In what direction do you think your mother is moving? Is she growing happier as time goes on? If she is not, do you know why? Is she interested more in friends than in things? Is she creative? Do you find her charming as an adviser? Is she a sympathetic listener? In other words, do you

naturally tell her about your plans beforehand, or do you wait until you have carried them out and then tell her what happened?

The second question is altogether different from the first: Do my mother and I have a fair and square relationship in financial matters? Is she too self-sacrificing? For example, do I know the relative expense of my equipment and hers? Equipment includes clothing and belongings of all kinds.

Many a girl has no idea what a disproportion there is between the amount she increasingly needs and the amount her mother feels able to spend for her. In too many families it is the mother who goes without things that she really ought to have so that the daughter may not feel the false requirements of "What other girls have."

Every girl should decide the question whether it is really worthwhile to enter the schoolgirl competition for the "latest thing." Unless the family income is large, the craze for "the latest" is almost sure to mean a sacrifice somewhere, and it usually comes in just one place—on the mother. Mothers do not usually advertise that they have to do without things; they sacrifice. The silent need of mothers and the fictitious needs of daughters can make a great deal of trouble in any home. Every girl should know the circumstances of finances in her own home before she has a right to call herself a successful daughter.

Am I an asset or a liability to my mother? Can she count on me? Am I an assistant or a burden? A daughter can easily be her mother's first lieutenant; she can easily be her mother's first anxiety, too. These are questions that are bound to come up in any home; and, as long as there are boresome details in running a home a daughter should be taught to play her part. Girls gain valuable experience in the household that comes in mighty handy when she keeps house for herself.

The fourth question is: Do I give my mother all that she has earned? No one can truthfully answer it with a confident "yes." We are not able to repay our mothers for the things that they have done to make us happy; day by day the debt piles up, and there is no way of beginning to pay it. No mother keeps books on what she is doing for her daughter; no mother feels she is a creditor. But there are certain things that every mother holds valuable, and there are rewards that every daughter can shower upon her mother if she realizes how precious they are. One is the spiritual reward of companionship. Mother and daughter need not be

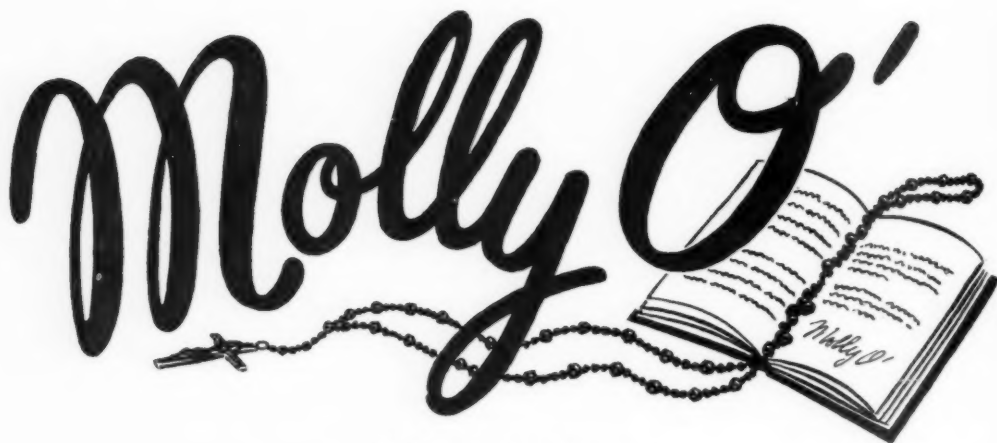
inseparable, but they should be confederates. The daughter who looks after the interests of her mother and works by her side on projects and plans contributes something that her mother values more than she would value constant "shadowing" or anxious protection. Mothers do not want to be kept under glass; they want to be aided and supported in their plans. The daughter who tries to have her mother lead a quiet, inactive life may think she is saving her mother from overwork, but often she is merely thwarting her mother's growing personality. The ideal daughter is as much interested in her mother's progress as the mother is interested in her daughter's.

Another reward besides companionship is to be sensitive in perceiving situations. We usually use the word "sensitive" in connection with a person's readiness to feel personal slights, but the truly sensitive girl is the girl who has sharpened her perceptions for every sort of human relation and condition. She can tell when her mother is tired or anxious, she knows when to make allowances. She never makes crude attempts to "reform" any of her mother's ideas or ideals. She learns from them, with interest, and often she and her mother together arrive at conclusions that neither would have reached alone.

Every mother has earned the reward of loyalty. Loyalty demands the open road. Two countries that are loyal to each other as allies permit free negotiations and exchanges of information. A mother has earned the right to know what her daughter is doing. She really has! Some girls say "What mother does not know won't hurt her." But that brisk adage is untrue. There is nothing that worries mother so much as uncertainty. Mothers want to know with whom their daughters associate and where they go when out of their sight.

The last question is: What kind of friendship are we building together for later years? Just what is the design of your stained-glass window? The question is one that only years and years can settle. But five minutes of hard thinking will answer it for the present. The relation between mother and daughter is the whole temple of home if artists are at work on it and if careless handling does not spoil the design.

The resourceful, sensitive girl knows the importance of detail better than most people know it. The dangers that lurk in the wrong kind of trifles are no less remarkable than is the value of the right kind. Details of construction, details of creation, details of companionship, and details involved in the office of lieutenant, assistant and confederate—all these details have to be taken into account and mastered if a girl is to truly be successful as a daughter.



Helen E. Hemberger

HELP WANTED:

A young priest (poor and struggling) desires housekeeper. Must be good cook. More for home than wages. Rev. T. J. O'Neill.

"Humph," snorted Molly O'Toole aloud, bright blue Irish eyes scanning the notice in the Catholic Weekly, "sure it's no money he has but he wants a good cook." "*Poor and struggling*"—somehow, to the motherly soul, that was an irresistible combination.

Her glance strayed toward the mantel, looked into pictured eyes of a young man in uniform, eyes the exact counterpart of her own, then returned to rest on the check lying before her. Never had Molly O'Toole expected to possess such an amount.

"Ten thousand dollars," she repeated, "and for that slip o' paper, I had to part with me boy. Whatever will the likes o' me, with this worn-out, old heart, be doin' with all that insurance money? I've been a' settin' here long enough feelin' sorry for meself," she sighed, "an' it'll never bring ye back, son. It's high time I stirred meself an' lent a hand to someone—what do ye think, Larry boy?"

As if in acquiescence, his answering smile seemed to give her the "go" sign. Taking her pen in a firm hand, she wrote:

Dear Father,

I'm strong and Irish (a bit on the bull-headed side they do say) and have a bossy way with me. I had a son once who thought me the finest cook in the whole world. I don't care so much about the wages but I like to eat, so if you want to take a chance with me, I'm willin' to try and put up with you.

P.S. There'll be no shenanigans in my kitchen, that's one room that's mine an' I'll have no interference.

With best wishes for your success,
(Signed) Molly O'Toole

Return mail brought her reply:

I'll take a chance if you will. Meet you at the Big Four, Saturday, 2:15 P.M. You'll know me—red hair and a muddy jeep.

P.P.S. The kitchen's yours, kind friend, dirty dishes and all. Best wishes to you, Molly O'!

(Signed) Fr. Tim O'Neill

"It's a fresh young thing he is, red hair and all. Molly O' indeed!" expostulated the prospective housekeeper. "How in the name o' heaven can I ever be ready by Saturday? I'll teach the ilk o' him a thing or two." The light of battle burned again in Irish eyes in anticipation of conflict to come.

The 2:15 wheezed into Meadowdale bearing the bundle-laden Mrs. Molly O'Toole buttoned palpitatingly into her best black silk. "Whew," she gasped, "I don't know how I ever made it, but I did—the impu-

dence o' him rushin' an' old woman like me."

Had she been sixteen instead of sixty, she couldn't have been more anxious for the first glimpse of her employer-to-be. Pug nose pressed tightly against the window pane, she eagerly scanned the platform for a figure in clerical black with identifying Roman collar. The train lunged and creaked to a stop. Molly O'Toole descended. Wherever could he be? Her with all these things—what would she do in this God-forsaken hole if no one met her? Near panic directed her steps toward an old jalopy just careening to a halt, piloted by a youth in disreputable slacks and dirty sweat shirt.

"Sure an' could you tell me the direction o' the Catholic rectory? His reverence must have forgot to meet me—could you take me out?" she asked.

A great, good-natured grin broke across the face of the red-headed chap.

"And that I could," he replied. "But who might you be? No—don't tell me—give me three guesses. You're my fairy godmother," he said, taking the neat, home-made cage that housed two fat stewing hens, "You're my blessing in disguise," he beamed, relieving her of a huge cake box. "No you're not," he laughed boyishly, laying hold the cage that bore the crippled canary, "you're Molly O' who's come to 'deliver me

out of the house of bondage," out of the kitchen forever, by the nose—am I right?"

Bewildered by this hilarious greeting, Mrs. O'Toole straightened her tip-tilted headgear and witheringly said, eyes scanning his unbecoming attire:

"You, you the pastor of St. Luke's!"

"We're both right, Molly O' and now that we've finished guessing, let's go home." He helped her into the front seat tucking her voluminous skirts inside the jeep's limited confines; her multitudinous bundles stowed away in the rear. To the accompaniment of sputtering jeep, cackling, frightened hens and twittering canary, they lumbered along the rutted road to St. Luke's. They were silent for a time; each busy with his own thoughts. Simultane-

ously, they caught each other stealing a sidewise glance—together they laughed—that was the beginning of their deep and lasting friendship and devotion.

"Call me Tim, Molly O', we're going to have great times together."

"Sure an' that we will, Father Tim," assented his pleased housekeeper.

The next turn in the road brought their destination in view. Even worse than she had pictured, was the little tumbledown abode of the country pastor; equally bad the dwelling place of the King of Kings. Molly tried valiantly to keep her feelings from appearing in her honest, Irish face. Apparently she was unsuccessful.

"Pretty awful, isn't it?" questioned Father Tim.

"It could be worse," she answered.

The only redeeming feature was its setting of beautiful old trees, stately elms, protecting, aged oaks striving to shield it from the scrutiny of passers-by. Lilacs bloomed at the doorway. On the breeze was wafted peach and apple blossom fragrance from the orchards near-by.

"Sure and it does have nice greenery all about," remarked Molly appreciatively.

The jeep trembled to a stop; its occupants emerged, little the worse for wear and tear. Pointing to the still wet boards of the rickety front porch, Father Tim said:

I forgot to ask you to excuse my er—unconventional attire but I have only one dark suit and I did want to make things presentable. I worked so long I didn't have time to change. You see, Mike and I wanted to make



a good impression," he added as a huge Collie bounded up threatening to upset Molly in his enthusiastic reception.

"Everything's jim-dandy, Father; but call that hound away from them hens," she cried, as Mike made a bee-line for his feathered friends, barking wildly.

The interior of the shabby little cottage was just as unpromising. Taking her huge, black suitcase, Father O'Neill led the way upstairs. Each step creaked protestingly as if echoing Molly O's laborious breathing. Opening the door of the room that was to be hers, he stood aside for her to enter.

An old dresser, a bed of many hills and hollows with a crucifix above it, a table and one rickety rocker comprised its furnishings. Tears came to Molly's eyes as she viewed the pitiful attempt that had been made to render it presentable: shades had been partly drawn to conceal its barrenness, clean white wrapping paper covered the dresser top and there, in a mustard glass on the table, a great bunch of lilacs and apple blossoms bade her welcome. Hiding her face in their depths, to conceal her emotion, she said:

"Them's beautiful posies, thank you, Father Tim. Run along now, and don't worry about me any more. I'm going to like it here, I know."

"If you only could, Molly O'. It's been so lonely and awful trying to do things you don't know how. I've a confession to make," he added. "The sink's full of dirty dishes. I didn't have any soap and they were so hard and dry, I just couldn't get 'em clean. You see, I didn't get my check till I went to the post-office on my way to the train. The farm folks around here give me most everything I eat; but their hens don't lay soap-money's pretty scarce, I might as well tell you now," he added apologetically.

"Never you mind, lad," she comforted. "We'll get by."

Gratefully, he smiled. "Come down when you're ready," he called gaily. Whistling, he descended the stairs, two at a time.

When, some time later, Father Tim returned from market, laden

with provisions, the sound of an old Irish tune greeted his ears, the savory aroma of hens a-stewing met his nostrils, his eyes feasted upon the sight of a great chocolate cake. The shining dishes, tidy kitchen and Molly O' bustling about in starched check-gingham apron warmed his home-hungry heart.

"I haven't had a meal like this, Molly O', since I last sat opposite my own little mom," complimented Father later that evening as he pushed his chair from the table; and that was over five years ago, Lord rest her soul."

"And I," responded Molly beaming, "haven't enjoyed watching anyone eat a meal so much since the day my boy went off to war." Tears came unbidden to the mother's eyes.

"You must miss him a great deal."

"And that I do, lad."

"Take heart, Molly O', he's waiting and praying for you, never fear."

"I'll dry the dishes," said Father Tim.

"Sure and your reverence needn't do dishes while I'm here."

He took the towel from her. Over the dishwashing, two lonely hearts exchanged confidences, family history, likes and dislikes. Together, they chatted and laughed, like old, old friends.

"I'll have to scram now," whistled Father Tim as his eye caught sight of the old clock showing ten to seven. Grabbing the steaming kettle of water, he dashed for the makeshift bathroom.

"Will I do?" he asked, reappearing shortly with face cleanshaven, hair brushed until its wilful wave was quite subdued. Molly's kindly eyes noted the polish of thin-soled shoes, brushed shininess of neat back suit; hastily skimmed over the frayed coat cuffs and worn-edged white collar.

"An' who could it be has come to call? Sure an' it must be the Bishop of Limerick, so grand ye look," she returned banteringly.

"Thanks, Molly O', I'm off to see what my parishioners have been up to this week. Confessions at seven—and it's good for the soul, in case

you didn't know," he teased as he turned and fled.

Molly hurriedly finished her kitchen tasks; then crossed to the path that led to church. Ivy clung protectingly to its crumbling walls to give an appearance of becomingness. Within its cool, dimly lighted interior, vigil lights shed their glow upon its rude altar where blessed candles stood silent guard in readiness for the morning Mass. Its cleanliness, polished look of simplicity gave mute testimony of its caretaker's devotion to his Master. The fresh smelling dampness of wide board floor, the reflection of the sun's last rays on shining windows, the nodding rambler roses at Our Lady's shrine, touched the heart of Molly O'Toole.

Stragglers kept Father Tim at his post until nearly nine. Molly spent her time between meditation and misgivings for the poor young priest with whom she had cast her lot. Over a generous square of cake and a glass of milk at the kitchen table later, Father Tim listened to Molly berate his flock for their shameful neglect of their church and parish house. "Only one thing ye can be thankful for, and that's a good janitor," she ended, "and who might he be?"

Father O'Neill grinned and said, "Why that young spalpeen who met you at the train today, didn't you know?"

Pretending shocked surprise, Molly went into another tirade: "The likes o' them to put sacred hands to such tasks—for shame they should make your reverence work like a slave."

"Molly O', he said soberly, "God made work for folks like you and me. Nothing He ever made was shameful. Let us never say we work like slaves. Say that you work like a queen, I like a king; for work well done is noble. Good-night, kind soul, God give you rest."

Admiring eyes looked into his as she humbly said, "Goodnight, Father Tim."

* * *

Days at the rectory were very busy ones. The farm folks were always bringing something: a bushel of tomatoes to can, some wind-falls

for apple sauce, grapes for jelly. "All they ever bring is something to make more work," complained Molly. "Sure and how do they think you can put a new roof on the church!—with apple sauce; and how will they heat it next winter? Burn peach seeds, I suppose."

"They mean well. They're just people who have known hard times and now that they have money they're afraid to part with it," defended Father Tim. "But I am worried. As you say, the church must have a new roof and a furnace. I just don't know what we'll do."

A bazaar and home cooking sale were suggested when he appealed for funds. So pitifully small were the returns that he was forced to appeal to the Bishop. Dejectedly, he confided to Molly that the Bishop had sent him a small amount but warned that if they were unable to raise the rest, his people would have to go to Tyler City to church. They would be forced to close St. Luke's. Molly's heart ached for Father Tim when he said, "I love it here, Molly O', I've worked so hard, I had visions someday of a nice little school and a decent church. It's hard to give it up."

"Take heart," she comforted, "something will happen yet. Have you asked Ebenezer Jacobs to help? He could well afford it."

"Yes, but all he said was maybe later, he couldn't now." That night Molly took ten one thousand dollar bills from their hiding place and looked at them long and earnestly. "I mustn't do it," she whispered sadly, "it's all I've got."

Autumn rains were falling; trees grew gaunt and bare. St. Luke's chances grew slimmer and slimmer—the Bishop had given only until November 15.

Molly chanced to hear some gossip at the Altar Society meeting one afternoon when they were discussing the fate of the parish. It concerned one Ebenezer Jacobs and the frightful thing he had done to the widowed Mrs. Murphy by foreclosing the mortgage he held on her house. "She had," they remarked, "never known a well moment after that to her dying day." He "had broken the

poor thing's heart," they said. Molly O'Toole turned the facts over and over in her mind. There was a gleam in her eye.

The next week an unexpected caller came to the rectory; none other than Ebenezer Jacobs. As soon as he departed, Father Tim dashed into the kitchen. Executing an Irish jig, he sang out, "We've got it, we've got it, Molly O'."

"Got what?" asked Molly. "Sure and it must be brain fever from the way ye're actin'."

"Mr. Ebenezer Jacobs just donated \$500.00 to St. Luke's for repairs, what do you think of that? Said he'd been a bit hasty and inconsiderate in some business dealings some years ago and thought perhaps this might help to atone for it. He's a good soul at heart, didn't I always tell you—the Lord will provide."

"Humph," grunted Molly, going about her work without raising her eyes.

"Well, that'll take care of the furnace," said Father Tim, "but I still don't know what we'll do for a roof."

"Don't you think the Lord will provide?" asked Molly mischievously. That night she offered to pay for the roof.

"Bless you, Molly O'," said Father Tim, "but I couldn't let you do it. I haven't been able to pay you anything since you came and don't think I don't know all the things you've bought for the church and house; but I won't take any more. You see, I don't know how things will go, where I'll be. Should you become ill and be unable to work you might need it." It was true, Molly knew. Lately her old heart threatened to give way more and more often. But, surely, there was some way out.

Shortly before Halloween, Bill Hanley, a lanky youth who lived next door to the rectory and who frequently ran errands for Molly, sat at her kitchen table devouring a wedge of apple pie. He liked Molly and confidingly said:

"Don't tell anybody but we're gonna get even with old Minnie Herman tonight." Now Minnie Herman was a rich, selfish spinster, also a very superstitious individual

who despised the youth of the town. She tattled to their parents every time she caught them in her cherry trees or melon patch or heard of them being in someone else's. When they were punished, it was her delight.

"Sure and ye lads better be leavin' that ol' di-v-er, I mean Minnie Herman alone before ye get in trouble," advised Molly, not too convincingly, however. After Bill left, a thoughtful look creased Molly's brow—then a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

Receiving a phone call that afternoon, Minnie answered to hear a voice say:

"You're conscience bound to support your church, and if you fail, sure, bad luck may come your way." With that the caller hung up.

"I'd sure like to know who that busy-body was, fumed Minnie and promptly forgot the incident; but when day dawned to find her "little square house in the back" tipped over, her porch swing hanging in the apple tree and a section of her fence in the neighbor's yard, she made a quick trip to the rectory and made a donation in the amount suggested by Father O'Neill several months before.

It was hard work for Molly to keep a straight face when again Father Tim's voice boomed the cheerful tidings in her kitchen. "We've done it again, Molly O'," he cried, waving the check for a generous sum before her eyes.

* * * * *

Life went on serenely at St. Luke's through many seasons, seasons filled with the joy of right living, work well done. The bond of sympathy and understanding between Molly O' and Father Tim deepened and strengthened through the years: Father Tim always teasing and joking, Molly O', bossy and scolding, yet approving and encouraging all the while.

The little parish grew and at last, began to flourish. Father O'Neill's patience and courage had endeared him to his flock, and money became more plentiful in the baskets of St. Luke's. One day Father Tim said,

"I'm going to tackle something big, Molly O', guess what?"

"Oh sure, and I'll bet me new Easter bonnet it's a grand new altar for the church."

"Not this time—I wish it were—but I think we better plan for a school first."

Molly's face fell. "Sure and are ye going to be doin' without an altar all yer life just to give them young 'uns a school? It's a cryin' shame and that it is."

"Don't say that, Molly O'; God's little ones are very close to His Heart, remember."

It was a great day, when, at last, after months of hard work and worry, the new school's bell rang out for the first time calling Meadowdale's small fry to classes. Even Molly had to admit there was greater satisfaction in it than she had ever dreamed.

The following spring Father Tim announced:

"I have a letter from the Bishop—he's coming for Confirmation on June 18."

"Oh, and here we are with no altar to speak of and his reverence a'-comin' for the Sacrament, whatever will we do?" wailed Molly. "How much money do ye have?"

"Nosey," chided Father Tim. "Not near enough, that's sure; we can't even consider such a thing." Together, they went over the finances. With a disappointed sigh, the young priest snapped the book shut. "I can't ask them for more," he said sadly.

That night Molly O' again took out the little worn black purse that held her earthly store. "It'll take every dime," she mused. She went to bed undecided. In dreams, the face of her Larry was before her smiling; he seemed to say, "Go ahead, mom, it's O.K." That settled it.

Mr. Frey at the Meadowdale bank sent for Father Tim next day. Presenting him with a check for \$5,000, he said, "It's a donation from one of your parishioners who desires that his identity shall be unrevealed. It is to be used for a new altar." Father Tim was speechless. Tearing out to his old car, he ripped up Main street, turned the corner on two

wheels and in jig time, was breaking the news to Molly O' who was hanging the wash. The gladness, the sheer joy of that moment was beyond everything Molly had ever imagined.

"How could I have hesitated when it makes him so happy," she thought, "even if it took the last penny of Larry's insurance and I don't have a cent to my name."

A lovelier day than June 18 never dawned. Kneeling just inside the door, Molly watched with pride as the Bishop led the procession toward the candle-lit altar, beautiful in its gleaming whiteness, a whiteness relieved only by the crimson of the blood that marked the wounds of Christ Crucified, its only adornment, two vases of roses from Molly O's garden. She breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Her joy knew no bounds when that evening, Father Tim took her by the arm and leading her into the living room, presented her to the Bishop saying, "Bishop Greeley, may I present Mrs. O'Toole? She's been like a mother to me; I owe her more than I'll ever be able to repay."

Next morning at Mass, Father Tim missed the earnest face of his housekeeper. He hurried home

chuckling. "Too big a day for Molly O'," he thought. With the light of mischief in his eye, he prepared toast and coffee and ascended the stairs. Knocking, he called loudly, "Breakfast in bed for a sleepy head." There was no response. Alarmed, he set down the tray and sped next door for Mrs. Hanley. "Come quickly," he called, "something's happened to Molly O'."

As if she had just fallen asleep, she lay; her rosary clasped in cold fingers. There, open on the table, as if inviting Father Tim to read, was the little book in which were recorded all the happenings of her days at the rectory. All her pathetic little schemes to procure money for the church were laid bare: the note to Ebenezer Jacobs, the phone call to Minnie Herman and, lastly, a confession of her gift of the altar. Father Tim looked at it hastily, closed it and put it in his pocket. Dropping to his knees to pray, he took the wrinkled hands in his own.

"Molly O'," he said brokenly, "and to think I didn't know." Even now, tender lips seemed curved in a mischievous smile as if to say:

"You couldn't catch me napping, Father Tim."



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